NORTHERN MESSENGER

Rates Inside | Montreal, December 27, 1940. | 77th Year

By Nellie Upton

For the Messenger

RALPH DAY whistled merrily as he worked. He was putting down feed from the barn loft for the long row of cattle that were waiting impatiently for their dinner.

He found the job harder than most boys of his age because Ralph was not a country boy. He had been born and lived all his life in the city, having come to the country only a few weeks earlier to stay with his grandfather. Mr. Day senior was alone and needed someone to help him with the chores, and Ralph also wanted to improve his own health in the bracing country air. He had more work today than usual because he was going away after dinner on a snow-shoeing trip with some boys with whom he had become acquainted since coming to the country.

* * *

RALPH stopped working for a minute to lean on his fork and get what his grandpa called a "breather." He was looking forward to his trip with the boys but he was not altogether happy about it. He knew they did not like him much. It was nice of them to ask him on their expeditions but he felt it was more out of sympathy for his loneliness than because they enjoyed his company.

He did not blame them, however, because although he knew he was as quick-witted as any of them he was not as strong and couldn't keep up with them in their strenuous sports. Often, when they were snowshoeing, he would get tired and lag behind and they had to wait until he caught up with them. None of them said anything to hurt his feelings, but all the same he felt his deficiency very keenly.

When he had enough hay down for two meals, he climbed down the ladder and started pushing the hay through the long feeding board to the hungry animals.

While he was seeing to the last one his grandfather came in, slamming the heavy stable door with a bang. "Well, son," said he, "all through already? I guess I'll make a farmer out of you yet. You're getting smarter every day!"

"Do you really think so, Granddad?" asked Ralph anxiously.

"Sure thing," replied the old man. "Why, when you first came it took you a couple of hours to do the work you have done today in half the time."

"Well, I only hope you're right," said Ralph, with a grin, as he fastened down the feeding board and stood the hay-fork in its customary place in the corner.

Work all done, they made their way towards the rambling old farmhouse to enjoy their midday meal.

"Are you going with the boys this afternoon, Ralph?" asked Mr. Day, in the course of the meal. "Yes, I think I will," said Ralph. "I like to snowshoe and maybe if I keep at it I'll be able to keep up with the rest of the boys yet."

"Sure you will, but, like everything

else, it takes time and practice," replied his grandfather. "Going far this afternoon?"

"Well, I'm not sure," answered Ralph, "but the boys spoke of stopping at a place called Rainy Gulch. Know where it is?"

"Yes, I think so; the old Harrison place," said Mr. Day meditatively. "I reckon it's a good five miles from here."

"Well, if it's that far," said Ralph, "I don't suppose we'll be back before dark, but I guess there'll be good moonlight. Last night it was swell out."

* * *

AFTER they had finished their meal and were cleaning up, they heard a rap at the door and the stamping of feet in the porch. Ralph opened the door and there were his chums.

"Hello, Ralph," greeted Ted Greenly, "Ready to start?"

"Why, no," said Ralph; "I didn't think you'd be starting so early. It's only 12.30 and we had planned to meet at the crossroads at 1.30." "So we did," agreed Bill Campbell, "but as we were ready we thought we'd call and see if you could start earlier so we could get back sooner. It's quite a long way, you know."

"Come on in, boys," invited Mr. Day, "come in and get warmed while Ralph is getting ready. He won't be long."

The four boys unfastened their snowshoes and trooped into the big kitchen to seat themselves around the old cookstove, rubbing fingers and cheeks that were tingling from the frost.

"Setting traps today, boys?" inquired Mr. Day. "Yes," replied Ted. "We have some to set and we want to go around the ones we already have set so's not to leave anything in them long to suffer." "Well," said Ralph's grandfather, "I don't want to disappoint you, but I dont think you'll catch much any place around here except rabbits, weasels and squirrels. I dont believe there has been any other kind of wild animal seen for years. Long ago, when I was young, there were mink, foxes, lynx and very often wolves and bears. Everyone went in for trapping, then, as there were good prices; but they have gradually disappeared until now I don't believe there are any left."

* * *

"YOU mean there *weren't* any," said Jimmy Brown. "Weren't any!" exclaimed Mr. Day. "Why, are there any now?"

"Well, there has been some kind of an animal seen around different times lately," Jimmy went on. "Ted's father saw him first, one night last week, when he was going to the barn to feed up. It was dark then, and he could hardly make out what it was, in the lantern light, as he wasn't close. Then, night before last, George here (indicating his younger brother who sat near him) and I were coming home late. We saw a big animal slinking across the road quite a piece ahead of us in the moonlight. We didn't know what it was but it looked like a big cat to us. I heard today that old Mr. Harrison saw it last night and said it was a lynx. He offered a reward of ten bucks to whoever got him.

"So we're going over today to set some traps for him. We might possibly have the good luck to get him."

"Well, I certainly hope you do," said Mr. Day as the boys made ready to go. "A lynx is a dangerous, sneaky sort of animal and it would be better to have him caught."

"We'll do our best," said Ted, with a grin, "and now, Ralph, if you're ready I think we'll start." With that they arose and made ready again for outdoors.

The air was very frosty and the boys started out briskly on their journey. At first Ralph kept up well with the rest, but towards the middle of the afternoon he began to get tired and the boys often had to wait for him. They knew he was doing his best, however, and they praised his efforts. That is, all except George Brown, the youngest member of the party. He didn't like Ralph Day and lost no opportunity of letting him know it.

Although George was young, he was as able as any of the older boys. He could snowshoe as fast as any of them and he was a sure shot with a rifle. He always carried his .22 with him when they were going far in the woods.

The boys had to go through deep woods most of the way to get to their trap-line and as they went along George kept his rifle hot shooting at squirrels, partridge, etc. He very seldom missed his mark. "Boy!" exclaimed Ralph admiringly, "I wish I could shoot like that."

"About all you'll ever be able to shoot, city-bird, is marbles," George remarked airily, as he brought down another squirrel. "You think you're smart, don't you," Ralph retorted hotly. "If I had all the practice you've had I'd be able to do something besides shooting little squirrels that might as well be let live."

"Listen, sissy," said George angrily, "you say that again and I'll——"

"Stop quarrelling, boys, and hurry up," commanded Jimmy. "If you can't act decently with Ralph, George, you'd better stay at home after this."

* * *

TO take their minds off the quarrel, Ted suggested that they stop now and have lunch before going farther. The boys all agreed, as the intense cold had sharpened their appetites. A fire was built and soon they were all seated around it eating sandwiches, cakes, etc. which they had brought in their knapsacks.

* * *

Lunch over, George grabbed up his gun again. "Say, George," said Bill Campbell, "stick up a target some place and let's all have a try at it. Whoever hits the centre is the best shot and we'll have no more quarrelling about it."

George readily agreed and when he had a target fixed at a suitable distance took first chance without a word and missed the centre by a good four inches. Bill took his turn next and hit the target about an inch from the centre.

"Watch me score a bull's-eye," bragged Jimmy, as he took over the rifle for his turn. The old maxim (pride goeth before a fall) proved true once more, however, because Jimmy no sooner had the words out of his mouth than he lost his balance and fell, shooting high in the air. The boys roared. "You scored a bull's eye that time with the back of your head," derided Ted. "Yes," said Jimmy, gingerly rubbing his head, "I guess I did miss my mark. But it's your turn now, Ralph," and he handed the rifle to the city boy with a friendly grin.

"I don't suppose there's much good in my trying," said Ralph as he took over the rifle hesitantly. "I've had no experience whatever." "Never too old to learn," said Jimmy. "I've just found out. Go ahead, Ralph; you can't do worse than I did."

* * *

RALPH reloaded the rifle nervously, lifted it to his shoulder, took aim, and fired. To his surprise, he hit fair and square in the centre of the target. "Well, that settles it," said Ted, "you're the best shot in this bunch, Mr. Ralph Day."

"Aren't you having your turn, Ted?" Jimmy asked. "No, count me out this time. I hurt my hand the other day and it hurts to hold a gun."

The boys all knew, however, that the real reason was because he did not want to spoil Ralph's victory by doing as well himself.

As it was getting late they started gathering up their things hurriedly to continue on their journey when all at once they heard a rustling sound in the bushes. They halted and all stood quiet.

The rustling ceased and in a moment started again. The boys all held their breath and waited, and as they looked in the direction from which the sound came a slinky, cat-like form came into view. "The *lynx!*" said Ted in a low whisper as the animal crouched as if to spring. "Quiet, boys!" whispered George excitedly. "Hand me the rifle, Ralph."

(Please turn to Page 3.)

The Strange New Year

IT is only a matter of hours when the whole world must stand at the bar of the exchanging years and with the dawn of a New Year, pilgrim across its threshold, setting foot on an unknown and untrodden country. No man knows what lies ahead to encounter and endure. The advent of each new year creates a real sense of strangeness. As the old year ebbs out swiftly to its close, serious men are led to gaze backward at the strange surprises of life. . .

Mankind is facing a year of surprises, probably glad surprises and possibly surprises that will be tragic. A Hebrew prophet spoke of a cup of astonishment. All who are alive now have drained that cup to its dregs. What seer could have foretold the amazing events which have come to the world in the last twelve months?

The era of surprises is not ended. Someone has said that "nothing seems certain to happen but the uncertain."

There is such a contingency as the certainty of the uncertain. If there were no uncertainty in life, there would be far less zest and enterprise in living and men would lack the element of self-discipline which consists in having to keep themselves under control in order to be able to face whatever may come.

The uncretainty of the future is a real power in the formation of character.—From a contributed article in the Mtl. Star, January, 1939.

Only a new purpose can make a New Year.

A Nation's Strength

"A NATION'S first line of defence is the character of her citizens and the inspiration of her leaders. A country rich in land, in trade and in tradition, but poor in faith, declines. A country rich in faith is rich in everything."

Restore character to a nation and you restore strength. Restore faith and you restore greatness, for character is wealth and faith is power."—The late Hon. William B. Bankhead, speaker of the House of Representatives of U.S.A.

I RESOLVE TO—

Speak a shade more kindly than
The year before;
Pray a little oftener;
Love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the
Father's love;
So life below
Shall liker grow
To life above.

Old Friends With the New

Keep the old friends with the new,
Never turn from them away.
Cling to them who cling to you
In misfortune's dreary day.

They have stood time's fiery blast;
Often tried, but always true,
Then remember it is best
Keep the old friends with the new.

Keep the old friends with the new,
For the new may pass you by,
But the old are tried and true
And their friendship cannot die.

New friends may be sweet and kind
And perhaps their friendship's true.
Still 'tis better you will find,
Keep the old friends with the new.

As you journey on your way
Many friends may come to you;
Never mind what they may say,
Keep the old friends with the new.

—Waif

January Night

There is in the world no flower or tune
Where thou abidest, but barren hoar-frost white,
And snow blooms blown from heaven till the aching light
Has darken'd from swift noon to after noon,—
Then lo! the subtle-embroidered tent of Night,
Full of gold buds and one white flower, the Moon!

—James Rhodes

Upward and Onward

New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Dickens on The New Year

NEXT to Christmas Day the most pleasant annual epoch in existence is the New Year. . . . There must have been (at least) some few occurrences in the past year to which we can look back with a smile of cheerful recollection, if not with a feeling of heartfelt thankfulness, and we are bound by every rule of justice and equity to give the New Year credit for being a good one till he entirely proves himself unworthy of the confidence we bestow on him.

* * *

A new heart for the New Year always.

* * *

They were ringing! Bless their sturdy hearts they were ringing! Great Bells as they were; melodious, deep-mouthed, noble Bells; cast in no common metal; made by no common founder; when had they ever chimed life that, before! . . . So may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last, and not the poorest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.

Make the old friends doubly dear in the New Year.

IN the New Year are many lessons waiting to be learned. Perhaps none of them is more important than the supremacy of duty. This will be the greatest year of our life if it teaches us unflinchingly and unfailingly to do our duty. The young person in whose heart there is a deep passion of loyalty to duty, whether the duty be grim and forbidding or beautiful and enticing, is the young person who is surest to win in all the race of life.—Wayland Hoyt, D.D.

For the New Year

BE strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid . . . for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee . . . fear not, neither be dismayed.—Deut. 31:7, 8.

THE LYNX

(Continued from Page 2.)

But he was too late. Ralph already had the rifle to his shoulder and was firing. This time he was too sure of himself and hit wide of his mark. A grey streak disappeared into the woods and the lynx was gone again.

"Well of all the dumb simpletons!" exploded George, grabbing the gun from Ralph. "Why didn't you give me that gun?"

"I'm sorry," said Ralph. "I didn't think——"

"You're sorry!" said George sarcastically, "that does a lot of good now. If you hadn't been so smart we'd likely have got that $10.00 reward Mr. Harrison is offering."

"Never mind, Ralph," said Ted cheerfully, "we'll likely have more chances. You probably did as well as any of us would have anyway. You were just a little too excited to take aim right."

With this the boys strapped on their snowshoes and knapsacks and started off again.

George was still angry and kept well ahead of the others. It did not take them long to go around their traps, for they were all hurrying. As Mr. Day had prophesied, their catch was very small, consisting of only five weasels and as many squirrels. These the boys piled in their knapsacks and started for home, just as it was beginning to get dark.

The journey home was made in a much shorter time than it had taken to reach Rainy Gulch because none of the boys did much talking. They had all had a very unsuccessful trip and were all anxious to get home.

* * *

IT was getting late and the moon was up and throwing a bright light on everything, making the tiny snow crystals shine and sparkle like fragments of glass. Ralph thought he had never seen anything as beautiful. He enjoyed the keen night air and the sound of the snow crunching under his snowshoes, but tonight he was feeling too down-hearted to really enjoy it.

Why had he been such an idiot today? "If I could only live those few minutes over again," he said to himself under his breath. "I'd know enough not to fire that gun." He felt like apologizing to the boys, but he knew that would only make him look sillier than ever, so he decided to wait until an opportunity arose to do the boys a good turn.

By this time they had reached their parting-place at the cross-roads. This was where the road branched off to Mr. Day's farm. They all said goodnight to Ralph and started on.

Only Ted lingered a moment, and said, "Cheer up, old man; it isn't as bad as all that. None of us are holding it against you. It was just hunter's luck."

"I know," said Ralph, "but just the same it was sort of a silly thing for me to do and I'm not feeling happy over it by any means."

"Oh, well, better luck next time, maybe," said Ted, and after saying good-night he hurried on to catch up with the others.

As Ralph got nearly home he saw that there was no light in the kitchen. "H-m-m-m, that's funny," he muttered to himself. "Granddad always waits up for me, but he couldn't have tonight. Is it very late, I wonder."

He hurried, and in a few minutes he was at the door. He took off his snow shoes and stood them in the snow, brushed his feet and went in.

"That you son?" his Granddad's voice came from the direction of the old couch in the corner. "Yes," said Ralph. "Has anything happened, Granddad? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick," said Mr. Day, "but I hurt my ankle some. I slipped on the ice this evening and I think I've sprained it."

"Is it very sore?" asked Ralph anxiously. "No, not very. It doesn't hurt when I'm not walking. I didn't get up to light a lamp as the moon was shining so brightly there wasn't much need and I knew you'd be along soon."

* * *

RALPH lit the kerosene lamp, piled some wood in the stove and set to work to bathe and bandage the sprained ankle. He made a very good job of it and was glad when finished to hear that it felt much better.

"Now, Granddad," he said firmly, "you stay right where you are. I can feed up tonight and do what has to be done in the barn."

"Yes, I know you can, but I think I had better go too, to sort of oversee," said Mr. Day, beginning to rise. "You're not used to having a lantern in the barn, and if that hay or straw once caught fire it would be good-bye to everything."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Ralph, "I'm not going out to set fire to the barn. I can leave the lantern in the stable anyway. It's bright enough without." "Well, maybe you'd better," said the elderly man, wincing with pain as his foot touched the floor. "Don't worry," said Ralph, grabbing the lantern, and starting out. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

He shivered when he went out, and buttoned his windbreaker closer around him. "It feels twice as cold now as when I was out before," he mused to himself. "I wouldn't like to have to stay out long a night like this."

He was at the stable door now. He went in and banged the door behind him and then hunted around for a good place to leave his lantern. After finding a safe place he went past the long row of cattle to the door leading into the barn floor. He thought some of the cows looked frightened. "I guess you're not used to me yet, eh bossy?" he said, giving a big red cow a slap as he passed. He couldn't help wondering, though, what made them so fidgety. "Maybe they'll be all right when they have something to eat," he said to himself, opening the little barn door and going in.

He stood for a minute after going in and looked around. "It sure feels spooky in here," he muttered. The corners were so dark, while the moon threw bright beams of light here and there across the piles of hay. He almost wished he had brought the lantern in. He thought of going back to get it to have a look around first, then checked himself. "What would George think if he knew that I was afraid even to go in the barn alone without a light," he thought.

He started whistling, and turned to reach for the fork in the corner, but stopped up short with the fork in his hand when he heard a low rustling movement behind him. He felt little shivers and chills go up and down his back. He turned quickly, to face two bright luminous eyes, glaring at him from the darkness. They were drawing nearer. He held up his fork and waited.

* * *

IT came on inch by inch, in what seemed to the boy an endless eternity.

If it would only move into the moonlight he could see what it was and he would know what he had to fight, but it seemed to deliberately keep in the shadows.

Then a horrible thought struck him. "Could it be, oh surely not, the *lynx!*" He could feel his hands and body go clammy with sweat, and for a minute he shut his eyes and prayed, "Oh God, help me; give me strength such as I've never had before."

Gripping the hayfork, his only weapon, more tightly, he opened his eyes again, to see that the animal had stopped in a bright patch of moonlight. Sure enough, it *was* the lynx!

It crouched down as if to spring, but did not. Ten or fifteen minutes passed and still the animal remained crouched in the centre of the floor and Ralph held his fork ready. His arms were growing tired; he could not hold them up much longer,—but he knew if he didn't, those watchful eyes would see, and the animal would spring upon him.

A few more minutes passed, and Ralph thought he heard a step at the door. Could it be his Granddad? He heard the stable door open and shut

(Please turn to Page 10.)

Guards at the Dam

By Gordon Philip England

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(Continued from Last Week.)

IMPORTANT PEOPLE

"SLIM" BENTLEY eighteen, bent on serving Canada in some way, though excluded from the Army by a slight physical defect.

TERRY GORMAN, his cousin who helps him take charge of the fish hatchery "somewhere in Quebec". .CAPTAIN KINGSLAKE, Commander of the Frontiersmen guarding the nearby dam, power plant and textile factory.

Terry sees a strange motorcyclist spying on the dam. He gives chase but the spy gets away.

INSPECTOR HEALY of the R.C.M.P. visits the hatchery and Slim, who is trying to join the Frontiersmen, is eager to win the Mountie's approval. But Terry seems oddly suspicious.

SLIM walked into an office adjoining the front hall, and sat down before a typewriter. He thought he might as well pass the time while the Mounties were conducting their inspection by writing a letter home. He opened a top drawer of the large, flat-topped desk, drew out a sheet of paper, and inserted it in the machine.

He was just finishing his letter when the Mounties returned. He jumped up as they entered the porch.

Slim invited the officers into the office, and offered them chairs. Sergeant Andrews and Tracy (who had accompanied the Mounted Police back to the hatchery while Campbell had remained at the dam) sat down, but Inspector Healy walked about the room, examining with interest the large mounted specimens of trout on the walls.

"Caught by George Bentley at Bowker Lake," he read aloud. "Weight six and one-half pounds. . . Say, that's some trout! George Bentley is the manager of this hatchery, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered Slim, proudly, "he's my brother, sir. He knows all about fish, and he's some fisherman, too."

"I guess he must be," agreed the inspector, "judging by these specimens. I'm sorry he's not here, for I'd like to meet him. Well, another time, perhaps."

Healy glanced about questioningly.

"Where's your friend?" he asked. Slim hesitated.

"Upstairs in the workshop, I think," he replied apologetically. "He probably didn't hear you come in. I'll go and call him."

The inspector held up a checking hand.

"No, no, don't bother him now. We'll be here for a couple of hours more. I'll look in on him later."

Slim was relieved, but he felt ashamed of his cousin's apparent lack of interest. He was glad, however, that the Mounties did not seem to resent the crippled boy's absence.

Inspector Healy turned to Tracy. In the Frontiersman's hand was his rubber, metal-headed club.

"That's a pretty effective weapon," observed Healy. "Let's have a look at it."

"A very pretty little weapon, indeed," he approved. "I suppose you'd know how to use it properly . . . Now, if I meant to strike a man with it, I'd do it like this!"

As he spoke, he turned and struck out viciously. The treacherous blow caught the luckless Frontiersman full on the head and he dropped as if pole-axed.

Slim's cry of anger was checked by a rough hand over his mouth. Violently, Healy pushed him back into a chair. He stood over him, menacing him with the club.

"Not a sound out of you, youngster!" he exclaimed. "One yell—and you'll get what Tracy did!"

Slim stared incredulously.

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "Why did you strike poor Tracy? Have you gone mad?"

The man who had called himself Inspector Healy laughed—a mirthless, brutal laugh.

"You hear that, Erich?" he asked his companion, who had sprung to his feet, ready for instant action. "He thinks we are mad. . . No, my young Canadian friend, we are not mad. On the contrary, we are most eminently sane. Sane and fully efficient, eh, my friend?"

He glanced at the prostrate form on the floor, and his voice hardened:

"But, we waste time! Quick, Erich, carry the Frontiersman into that next room, while I take care of the boy."

Now, gradually, Slim was beginning to understand. These men were not Mounted Policemen. They were enemy agents!

* * *

OBEYING his chief the man Erich caught the still unconscious guard beneath the arms and half-carried, half-dragged him into the room indicated. At its far side was a large clothes closet. At sight of it, Erich gave a grunt of satisfaction. He opened its door, bundled Tracy inside, and shut and locked the door. He then returned to the office.

Meanwhile, the pretended inspector had not been idle. In spite of Slim's struggles, he had forced him back into the chair, bound his arms behind it with handcuffs, then gagged the captive with a handkerchief.

He turned sharply as Erich re-entered the office.

"Well, have you made sure of the guard? I do not think he will recover very soon, for my blow was hard. But we must take no chances!"

(Please turn to Page 13.)

"THIS ONE HERE . . . KNOWS TOO MUCH!"

RING Out, Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky,
The Flying Cloud, the Frosty Light:
The Year Is Dying in the Night;
Ring Out, Wild Bells, and Let Him Die.

Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New,
Ring Happy Bells, Across the Snow:
The Year Is Going, Let Him Go;
Ring Out the False, Ring in the True.

Ring Out the Want, the Care, the Sin,
The Faithless Coldness of the Times;
Ring Out, Ring Out, My Mournful Rhymes,
But Ring the Fuller Minstrel in.

Ring Out False Pride in Place and Blood,
The Civic Slander and the Spite:
Ring in the Love of Truth and Right.
Ring in the Common Love of Good.

—*Tennyson*

The Works of God

A new picture and a new commission to carry with us into the New Year.

By the Rev. J. Paterson-Smyth

ONE day Jesus and His disciples, as they passed, saw a blind young man, seeking alms at the Temple gate, and as he turned his poor, sightless eyes on them someone told them that he had been born blind. Which at once set the disciples curiously speculating. Since suffering, they thought, must be the result of sin, an interesting problem was raised, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

There are many who speculate thus about the mystery of life's troubles, who raise no hand to relieve them. The compassionate heart of Jesus had no patience with such speculations just then.

"It was neither for his sin nor his parents'," He said, "but that the works of God should be made manifest."

Of course He did not mean, This man was born blind that I might work a miracle, but that such suffering is a Divine call to work the works of God, the works of sympathy and help. Life's suffering, He says, is God's call to relieve it. That is the work of God and we are all God's fellow-workers when engaged in such work.

Jesus was representing the Father by loving and helping that blind man as the Father would have done. We represent the Father when we make men feel that God is thinking of them and through us is helping them. And many an afflicted one through such love of the brother whom he has seen has learned to believe in the love of God whom he has not seen.—From "A People's Life of Christ."

New Year

Speak a shade more kindly than the year before;
Pray a little oftener, love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the Father's love;
Thus life below shall liker grow unto the life above.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Be not afraid of their faces for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.—Jer. 1:8.

Mon. : To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by remission of their sins.—Luke 1:77.

Tue. : Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.—Luke 4:4.

Wed. : Thus saith the Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in me, that they are gone far from me?—Jer. 2:5.

Thu. : O generation, see ye the word of the Lord.—Jer. 2:31.

Fri. : They forsook all, and followed him. —Luke 5:11.

Sat. : They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.—Luke 5:31.

NEW YEAR

Let us welcome the New Year with
Faith,
Though the timid and fearful may sigh,
Though the prophets of gloom may lament
O'er the low'ring clouds in the sky.
There's a Faith with a song in the night,
And that kisses the stroke of the rod.
There's a haven secure when we trust
In the infinite goodness of God.

Let us welcome the New Year with
Hope;
Hope that knows when the daylight is gone,
And the way we must travel—unknown;
That all darkness must yield to the dawn.
Hope that takes up the mute harp of life,
And sweeps its spent strings with a chord
Which lifts up our hearts to the day
When the ploughshare is shaped from the sword.

Let us welcome the New Year with
Love—
The spirit which never can fail.
It will cleanse all the realms where the dark
Broods of greed and injustice prevail.
Its language all hearts understand,
And its spirit all peoples unite.
Let us welcome the New Year with
Love,
For Love's the forerunner of Right.

In this trinity strength we may cast away fear
And sincere be our wish for a Happy New Year.

—*Rev. J. C. Cochrane, in United Church Record.*

Hear Our Prayer, O Lord

EVER-LIVING God, by whose mercy we have come to the gateway of another year, grant that we may enter it with humble and grateful hearts! Confirm our resolution, we beseech Thee, to walk more closely in Thy way and labor more faithfully in Thy service, according to the teaching and example of Thy Son our Lord! Let not the errors and offences of the past cling to us, but pardon us and set us free that with a purer purpose and a better hope we may renew our vows in Thy presence, and set forth under the guidance of Thy Spirit to travel in that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day of Thy heavenly kingdom! Amen.

Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainliness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit.—Emerson.

Young People's Bible Reading

Merciful and Faithful

by BEREAN

For Sunday
JAN. 5, 1941.
Luke 13:1-17

"A High Priest who can sympathize." . . . Do you not think the poor world needs Him pretty badly today when outside all our private sorrows and struggles and perplexities and sins, we are sharing in that awful pain at the heart of the Empire. If ever men needed Jesus they need Him now. . . .

It is a big thing that we are asked to believe—that our worries and disappointments, our struggles and temptations, as well as the big sorrows that are breaking our hearts, are all understood by Him who sits today in the midst of the throne of God. (Rev. 5:6)

Pray that you may really know Him as you know your nearest and dearest. Study the Bible, and especially the Gospels . . . to get yourself in touch with the great heart of Jesus Christ, for oh! I think it only needs the real knowledge of that heart to "draw all men unto Him." — Archdeacon Paterson-Smyth. (1915)

OUR Lord's teaching has universal and eternal significance. But sometimes we can understand it better by studying it in its local setting and in its application to His immediate listeners and their special circumstances.

In Perea, as before in Judea and in Galilee, He ceaselessly warned the people of the dangers that overhung their nation.

Religious leaders had ceased to "walk humbly with God" and so had ceased "to do justice and love mercy." Lack of real religion had resulted in a general deterioration of character.

Other races were despised while the nation itself was divided into sects and parties mutually antagonistic to each other. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

The Romans gave a degree of autonomy to their subject peoples but rebellion was stamped out mercilessly. Toward such rebellion the nation was hastening.

The new vision of God and of duty which the Lord Jesus sought to give His people would have saved them from destruction. They shut their eyes to it. They are not the only people in history who "knew not the time of their visitation."

Remember that in even His sternest warnings our Lord's great love was going out to these people. He suffered with and for them in His heart as a few weeks later He suffered in the Graden and on the Cross. It is with the same love that God warns men and nations today.

A cloud in the west, etc. (St. Luke 12:54-56) The Jews like all pastoral and farming people were good weather prophets. Our Lord calls on them to clear their spiritual vision and observe the signs which God so plainly had laid before them.

"They professed to be able to forecast the weather, but shut their eyes to the signs of the times which denoted the speedy fulfilment of the prophecies respecting the coming of the Messiah." (Dummelow)

Why even of yourselves.—Even apart from signs and prophecies their consciences should have told them right from wrong. Here as so often before, our Lord tells men to look into their hearts and in the light that God gives every man "Judge what is right."

Then He gives them the little parable about the man arrested for debt.

"As long as you are in your present course, both individually and nationally, you are in terrible danger. But a breathing space has been granted you. Make good and immediate use of it."

Words of Warning

MASSACRE of Galileans.—"Philo, a contemporary writer, speaks of Pilate's repeated massacres of persons uncondemned, and (his) insatiable and most grievous ferocity." (Dummelow)

The Galileans were subjects of Herod. This may either have been the cause or the consequence of the enmity between Herod and Pilate. (23:12)

Think ye.—"It was the popular idea that exceptional calamities were the punishment of exceptional wickedness." (Adeney)

This was the idea of Job's friends. We even hear people saying the same sort of thing today.

I tell you Nay.—"Jesus repudiates the superstitious delusion." (Adeney)

Our Lord's informants, — again like some people today,—liked to talk of horrors. Especially if in doing so they could plume themselves on superior virtue which had rendered them immune.

Except ye repent.—"A grave turn in the conversation, and quite unexpected by the gossips who had come with their tale of the destruction of other people. Jesus does not say these Galileans were innocent. He warns his hearers of their own danger.

Fall of the tower of Siloam.—"This was an accident, therefore some might think especially under the direction of Providence." (Adeney)

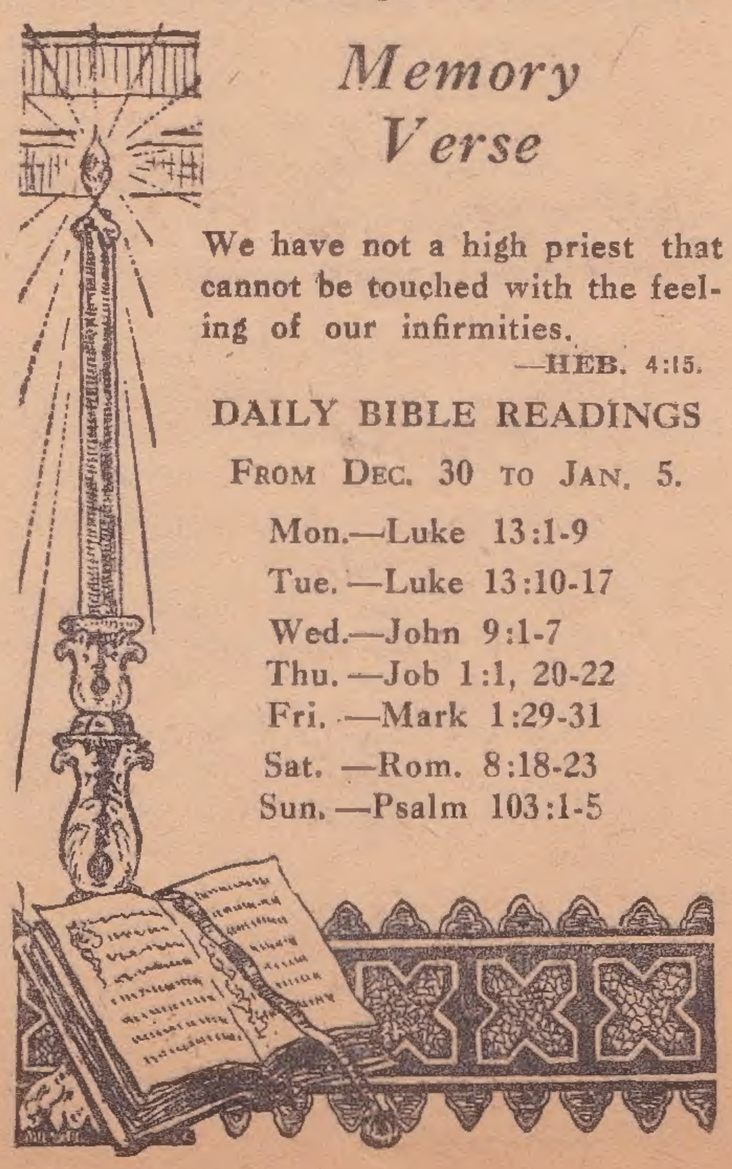
Offenders.—literally 'debtors'. Pilate was building an aqueduct to bring a water supply to Jerusalem. He had shocked pious Jews by paying for it out of the sacred Temple treasury. This tower may have been part of his water works.

"The persons killed were probably workmen whose death was regarded as a judgment on their impiety." (Dummelow) They had accepted wages taken from the sacred "Corban" and so would be regarded as having robbed God.

"Sometimes, no doubt, suffering is a direct punishment for sin, but not always, perhaps not generally. In the case of the righteous it often arises from the sin of others, or is permitted as a trial of faith, or as a means of refining and purifying the character. A righteous man's sufferings may even be directly due to his righteousness, as in the case of our Lord, the apostles, Socrates, and numerous missionaries and reformers in all ages and countries." (Dummelow)

Then our Lord emphasizes his warnings, "Except ye repent" by a parable. The meaning is clear. It recalls Isaiah's song-parable of the vineyard (Isa. 5:1-7) The fig tree is the nation of Israel. But like the former warnings, it has its application to other nations, to systems, to civilizations, to individuals. Wrong doing inevitably works out its own punishment.

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

—HEB. 4:15.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Dec. 30 to Jan. 5.

Mon.—Luke 13:1-9
Tue.—Luke 13:10-17
Wed.—John 9:1-7
Thu.—Job 1:1, 20-22
Fri.—Mark 1:29-31
Sat.—Rom. 8:18-23
Sun.—Psalm 103:1-5

RUSHING THEM IN "UNDER PROVOCATION"

Dear Editor,—There is a verse which reads "to provoke unto good works," which gave me some thoughts on how we could provoke one another in the matter of sending in names of Sunday School Superintendents or other officers of Sunday Schools not getting the Northern Messenger.

When that copy came, your request for S. School Addresses seemed to be looking at me. I could not get it off my mind... Then all at once it occurred to me that Sunday would be the only time I could be sure of obtaining the addresses and as I would be passing three schools on my way it would be no trouble to enter and get one minute converse with the Superintendents. So in the course of the school hour I had entered five churches with the results enclosed. Hoping you get good results from such as are not taking the Northern Messenger,

Very sincerely,

(Sgd.) L. E. Merifield.

Editor's Note.—If by any means Miss Merifield provokes others to emulation (Rom. 11:14) we will be able to write her "Your zeal hath provoked very many." (2 Cor. 9:2) Remember the N. M. has no axe to grind, has no profit motive, and is simply a Christian service to the family and to the young people in particular, a service which Sunday Schools all over Canada, Newfoundland and beyond find peculiarly satisfactory. So will our friends all over Canada continue to *rush in* addresses of Superintendents or other S.S. workers of schools not now distributing the Northern Messenger.

'Physically Perfect' Man Neither Smokes Nor Drinks

A "physically perfect" man was found at the San Diego, California marine base. He is 24-year-old Berand A. Nelson of Bristow, Neb., and was given the perfect specimen rating by navy medical officers. Nelson attributes his perfect physique to rough food, an outdoor existence, and no liquor or cigarettes.

MERCIFUL AND FAITHFUL

(Continued from Page 7.)

God has much patience with us. He loves us and is ever striving to lead us into His great life of holiness and service. "Obedience to duty is the way of life." There is no place for one who merely "cumbers the ground".

"On the Sabbath Day"

BUT there is more in our chapter than solemn warning. The message of our Lord to the world is a Gospel, is "Good Tidings", it is a message of deliverance.

In one of the synagogues.—"This is the only instance of Jesus teaching in a synagogue during the latter part of his ministry." (Adeney)

A poor woman had come in to worship. For eighteen years she had suffered from some spinal disease so that "she was bowed together and could in no wise lift up herself." She was a good woman and in spite of her feebleness continued to "come to church."

From the reading-platform on which He stood our Lord saw her crouching form.

He called her.—Generally sufferers sought Him for healing. Perhaps the poor woman thought that God for some mysterious reason had sent this "spirit of infirmity" to afflict her and that it would be wrong to ask for release.

He said unto her . . . He laid His hands on her.—"The reassuring word spoken from the dais across the congregation was not enough to rouse the woman's faith. Therefore Jesus stepped down and effected the cure by laying his hands on her." (Adeney)

Imagine the joy that must have come to her as once more she stood erect. Her mental depression and her physical handicap were removed together. No wonder "she glorified God."

One would think that everyone would have rejoiced at the healing of the afflcited woman, but wonderful are the ways of religious intolerance!

The ruler of the synagogue did not dare openly to rebuke Jesus in the presence of the admiring crowd. "Therefore he meanly turns on any sufferers who might be present, seeking a cure. This is particularly unjust to the woman whom Jesus had healed, as there is no evidence that she came to seek a cure. (Adeney)

"How much more?"

YE hypocrites.—See also 12:2, 56 and many other places. Our Lord hated this legalism masquerading as religion. It was one of the things that was driving the people from goodness and destroying the soul of the nation.

Doth not each one of you.—Here again He lifts men's minds from ordinary human kindness to the "lovingkindness" of God. The rabbis permitted a beast to be led to the water on the Sabbath. They allowed water to be drawn for it, though not carried to it!

A daughter of Abraham.—If oxen are loosed on the Sabbath is not the Sabbath a most fitting day to loose this poor woman from her affliction? Remember that the very idea of the Sabbath was that of rest and release.

It is right for people to be kind to animals. How much more important it is that they should be kind to each other!

Whom Satan hath bound.—Here our Lord quite plainly agrees with the Jewish belief that sickness is an activity of the Adversary.

St. Paul refers to his chronic illness (probably opthalmia) as "a messenger of Satan to buffet me." Read those great verses. (2 Cor. 12:7-10)

The attempt of the synagogue ruler and our Lord's other opponents failed for the present to check His work. Both His deeds and His words found an answer in the reason and the conscience of the people. "All the multitude rejoiced for all the glorious things that were being doneb y Him."

To revert to v. 16. The problem of suffering is a deep one. It would be unwise to go into it with the children —except some elder boys or girls ask you about it.

Our Lord came "to destroy the works of the devil." (1 John 3:8) Everywhere we find Him healing disease, never inflicting it. When we try to make the world healthier and happier we are "working together with Him."

I think the right way to look at it is that God does not "send" disease or trouble though sometimes He allows it.

> The flame cannot hurt thee; His only design
> Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

It is a seeming contradiction but in this sense the saying of Stanley Jones has a deep and true meaning, "Suffering is the gift of God!"

We must trust God whatever happens, for we know that in all our troubles, our sicknesses, our temptations, "He bears our griefs and carries our sorrows." (Ia. 53:4, 5; St. Matt. 8:17) He sympathizes, that is He "feels with", us. We have a High Priest who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities" and Who will supply us with "grace to help in time of need." (Heb. 2:16-18; 4:15, 16)

Questions

1. What did our Lord teach in regard to the death of the Galileans and the workmen?
2. Of what did he warn the people?
3. What happened in the synagogue?
4. Why did the ruler object to it?
5. What did our Lord teach regarding the Sabbath?
6. Do good people ever suffer?
7. What is our duty regarding sickness and suffering?
8. What should we do in all our troubles?
9. What does our memory verse tell us about our Lord?

"Is it not a gift, exceeding all other gifts, that God shall call man His child, and man shall call God his father?"

"THRIFTY SCOUT"

Written for the Messenger

By "YARN SPINNER"

ROY LEGARE, smallest and youngest tenderfoot in St. Peter's Troop, had just finished his round of papers, when he met Len Smith at the corner.

"Oh, there you are, Roy," said Len. "The crowd's going to the show tonight. We'll have a feed afterwards and some fun. Come along with us."

Roy was an orphan living with his Aunt Marie and Uncle Victor. The Smiths and Legares lived next door to each other. The former having the lower dwelling and the latter the upper. A yard at the back was joint territory of the two families.

Len's father was overseas. The boys, now about twelve years of age had been pals since they were "small kids." Roy liked Len and had tried to get him into the Scouts but he didn't like the "crowd" that Len had lately taken to "knocking round" with.

"Thanks Len," Roy said; "but I'm going to our Troop Leader's tonight. He promised to teach me Morse and First Aid for my Second Class. And you know I'm saving up for a bike. When I get it there's a job waiting for me. I've almost enough saved now."

Len's nose turned up scornfully.

"Oh yes," he said, "You and your stingy, 'sissy' Scouts. Come with us and have a good time."

"Can't, Len," answered Roy. "You know one of our Laws is

A SCOUT IS THRIFTY.

I've got to watch every cent now I'm saving up for that bike."

"Oh well! All right!" snapped Len, and turned into his house.

* * *

AUNT MARIE had tea almost ready. Uncle Victor sat in the window-seat reading his paper.

"Say!" he said, "Here's another robbery. Lestrange's factory was broken into last night and quite a lot of stuff stolen."

"Have they found out who did it?" asked Aunt Marie.

"No. They think they were boys though," answered Uncle Victor.

Before tea Roy went up to his room and took out the tin cannister in which he kept his savings. He unfastened the canvas cover and opened the box. He counted the money over. Twenty-four dollars and fifty cents. With the fifty cents he could add tonight that made $25.00.

Hooray! Enough for his bike. It was cheap at the price. Tom Morrison down by the canal had promised not to sell it to anyone else.

He put the fifty cents in the box. Wrapping it up again he replaced it in his drawer and went off to the Macaulay's.

Troop Leader Macaulay was glad to see "his"tenderfoot. They spent almost an hour over Morse and First Aid. Then Harry showed Roy some of his books and his stamp collection. And then Harry's mother brought in a jug of cocoa and some sandwiches. And Roy told her for the "'steenth" time of his rescue by Harry in "Underground River" (Messenger Sept. 27, 1940) It was ten o'clock before any of them realized that the hour was so advanced.

It was almost eleven when Roy got home. Having said his prayers he tumbled into bed. Tomorrow morning after delivering his papers he would go out to Tom Morrison's for the bike.

* * *

THAT bike meant a lot to Roy. No wonder he dreamt about it. In his dream he had got his new job at Lester's Book Store. Mr. Lester was pleased with him and had promised him a "raise." If he got that he could buy books and go to night school. . . Now, still in his dream, he was on his bike going to school. . . . But it was very cold. He was puzzled because he had been warm when he started out.

What was that noise? Roy sat up in bed. The room was in darkness save for a glimmer from a street lamp. The window was wide open. Roy was surprised as he was sure he had wedged it just sufficiently open to admit a good supply of fresh air. And the chair by the window had been moved. Roy jumped out of bed and switched on the light.

Snow had drifted in from the open window, but besides that there were cakes of snow tracked across the floor toward his bureau. And the drawer was open, the lock smashed. Roy thrust his hand into the back of the drawer.—The can and the money were gone!

* * *

ROY rushed to the window. He could see by the impressions in the snow that a ladder had been placed against the sill. The ladder now lay in the yard among the snow. Hurriedly dressing he crept downstairs without wakening his uncle and aunt. He examined the yard beneath his window, but the thickly falling snow had obliterated all footprints.

Roy crept upstairs again. That caked snow on the floor! Footprints! Roy, though only a tenderfoot, was something of a tracker. He knelt down and examined the patches of snow. Those marks of metal "shoe preservers,"—where had he seen them before? And then it came to him,—Len Smith!

Roy spent a wretched night. He sat up racking his brain. He had no desire to get Len into trouble. But apart altogether from the importance of getting his money back, it would not be right for Len to "get away with it."

He rose early, dressed, said his prayers, asking God, in his boyish way, that He would help him in his difficulty. Then, passing through the kitchen, he opened the door. He glanced at the Smith's house. The blinds were down. No one was astir.

Len's bundle of papers for the early round was in the porch. He donned his overcoat, cap and rubbers and hurried off with them. Whatever happened, his customers must get their papers!

It was a glorious morning. Under the early rays of the sun the crystals of the snow sparkled like diamonds. The clean air filled his lungs. A fellow couldn't feel down-hearted on such a morning. He would call and see Len as soon as he had finished his round. He felt sure that he would "own up" and return the money. Perhaps—he hoped against hope,—perhaps it had only been done for a joke.

He rang at Mrs. Smith's door. Len opened it.

"I wanted to speak to you, Len."

"Yes," said Len shortly.

Roy lowered his voice so as not to attract the notice of the Smith family.

"Len," he said, "were you in my room last night?"

(Please turn to Page 11.)

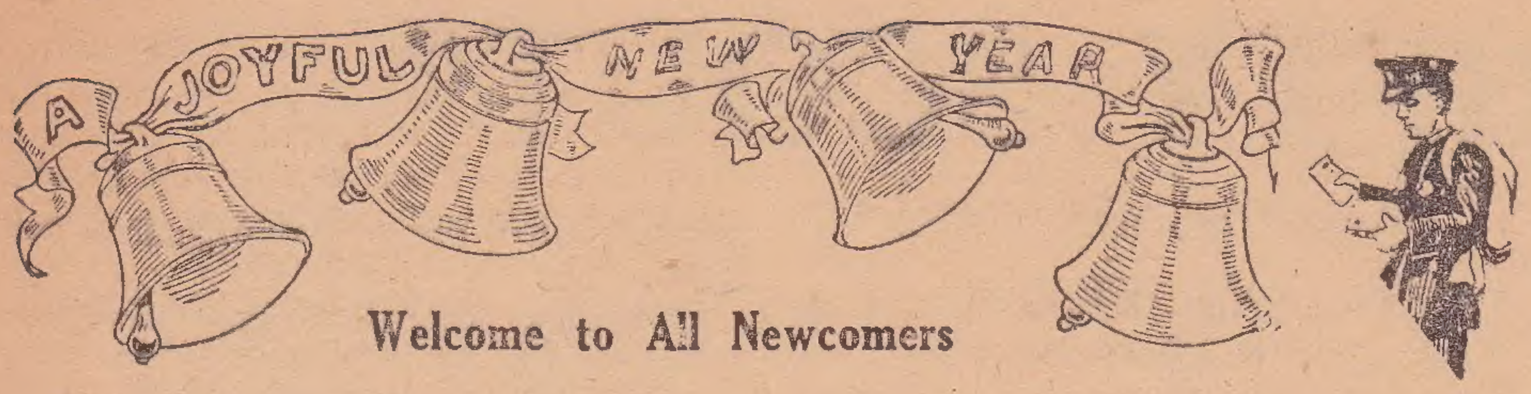
England's Voice

Churchill was speaking to us,
Across the Atlantic leagues,
Across the uniting tides;
Churchill was speaking to us,—
And to all the world besides.

Churchill was speaking to us
His voice the voice of England
Doggedly standing by,
While the Spitfires, keeping vigil,
Growled in the English sky.

Churchill was speaking for us,
Who have fought for what we know
To have enduring worth,
So free men shall not perish
From this beleaguered earth.

—Dorothy Randolph Byard,
in Mtl. Star.



Welcome to All Newcomers

DEAR CHUMS,—

We are coming to a New Year as fresh and new and unspoiled as a field of new fallen snow. The snow is said to be the purest white in the universe. It is a symbol of purity, of cleanness. It says in the Bible "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." When God forgives us He wipes out the past, all our mistakes, all our troubles, all our feelings of bitterness, and makes our life from that moment on just like a field of untrodden snow. Thus as we bid goodbye to the old year 1940 and welcome the new year 1941 we simply ask God to forgive and blot out all that we have done wrong and are sorry for in the past year so that our hearts may be in His sight as white as the snow. Then we joyfully thank him for His gift to us of a brand new year and rededicate our lives, daily, to Him.

With best wishes to each and all,

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

To Margaret Stevenson from Lois Barnet

Dear Margaret Stevenson: — Well here I am again after a long period of time. Are you well and fine? I guess I am except for a cold. Down here in New Brunswick we are having a lot of rain lately. I hate rain, too.

I had a birthday the first of this month. I was thirteen. Christmas will soon be here won't it? How do you like it this year in school? I am enjoying it fine this year. I go to the Victoria School. My teacher's name is Mr. Wilson and I like him very much.

Have you any pets? I haven't any. But I wish I had some. Have you had any snow up where you are yet? We had one snow storm. But that is all so far. Well I guess I can't think of any more to say just now, so good-bye. Your loving chum,—Lois Barnett. N. B.

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I am sorry I didn't write to you sooner to thank you for the lovely pencil you sent me. I'm very proud to own a pencil like it. But was I ever surprised when I got it! Well once again I say thank you, and thanks for printing my letter. Your chum,—Katie Mahovlich, B.C

P.S.—Would Mrs. McCurray of Penticton, please write to me, through the Mail Bag?—Katie.

TO MARION EYRE, ONT. FROM KATIE MAHOVLICH, B.C.

Dear Marion,—I was so glad and surprised when I opened my Northern Messenger at the Chums Page to see a letter for me. Thank you for writing me. The Chums Page is very interesting, isn't it?

How's the weather in Ontario? It's quite cold here with about a foot of snow. Did you have a concert in your school? They did here on December 19. Good old Santa came to visit us too. I hope he was good to you.

I just got home from a trip to Vancouver. It sure is nice there. I was six days there. I have an uncle living in Ontario.

You asked me if I lived on a farm. No, I don't, but I think I will in the future. My parents grew up on a farm in Yugo Slavia.

You asked me to tell you something about Yugo Slavia. Well, I don't remember much; only that you have to work hard from 3 in the morning to 8 in the evenings. And everyone goes to church on Sundays. I can remember once when mother and I went to church and everybody stopped singing except me. I kept right on singing, but everyone was looking at me and the priest sure got sore (it was in a Catholic church). Whenever I get a chance to go to church here I always go to the Baptist.

Well, I'm the cook now at home. Mother has gone to Kelowna until Christmas. Did you ever get a Northern Messenger pencil? I did, and they sure are dandy.

Well, I must close now, so goodbye. God bless you. Write soon. Your new pen-pal,—Katie Mahovlich.

SNOWY DAYS

Winter day, frosty day,
God a cloak on all doth lay.
O'er the earth the snow he sheddeth
O'er the lamb a fleece he spreadeth
Gives the bird a coat of feather
To protect it from the weather.
Gives the children home and food,
Let us praise Him,
God is good.

This Week's Star Correspondent

KATIE MAHOVLICH

Honorable Mention

LOIS BARNETT

THE LYNX

(Continued from Page 4.)

and his grandfather's voice calling anxiously, "Ralph! Ralph! where are you?"

The boy did not have time to answer. The lynx heard the noise and sprang. It was the last time for him, though. He was caught by the throat with the prongs of Ralph's fork and thrown back violently on the floor. The animal began to struggle desperately and Ralph shouted, "Oh, Granddad! hurry up. I'm here! I've got . . . the lynx!"

* * *

MR. DAY forgot his lame foot as he hobbled forward. He seized an old whippletree that was leaning against the door and with a few swift merciful blows from its iron-bound tip soon finished the lynx.

Ralph sank down on the nearest pile of hay, feeling very tired. "Whew! Granddad, you sure came in the nick of time. I couldn't have held him much longer."

"Well, son, I think you could," said Mr. Day, "or I know you would have tried hard. You're a brick if ever there was one!" Then, with a groan, Mr. Day sank down by his grandson. His ankle was throbbing from the sudden exertion.

Just at that moment Ralph thought of something. "Say, Granddad," he said excitedly, "I get a reward for this, don't I?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Day, "I guess you will." "I hope so," said the boy eagerly, because I want to give it to George."

"George!" echoed his grandfather. "I thought you and George didn't pull so well?"

"We don't," Ralph assured him, "but I think maybe we will now."

He opened up the long feeding board and while he shoved hay in to the hungry cattle he told his grandfather all that had happened that day.

Work all done, he helped his grandfather up and, taking the lantern, they went out again into the cold.

The moon was still shining brightly, the snow was crunching under their feet, and the keen night air made Ralph's blood tingle, but this time he enjoyed it with all his heart.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."

THRIFTY SCOUT

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Your room?" said Len with a sneer, "What are you talking about. Get out of this!"

He shoved Roy out and shut the door in his face.

Indignation flared up in Roy's heart. The meanness of it! He clenched his hands and raised his foot to kick at the door. And then the thought of Len's mother and his little sister Molly, and his father over fighting for Canada! How they would feel the disgrace! It was as if someone told him not to make any move for the present. He choked down his anger and turned away.

Roy opened his own door. His uncle and aunt were just sitting down to breakfast. They greeted him pleasantly. and he responded with forced heartiness.

The bacon and eggs looked and smelt delightful, but he hadn't the heart to eat much.

Aunt Marie asked was he not feeling well. He answered that he was "all right."

Uncle Victor went off to work. Roy helped Aunt Marie with the dishes, all the time wondering what he should do about his money.

Going out on an errand he saw Len with some other boys with their skates making for the canal. Some of the other boys hailed him, but Len pretended not to see him.

Lunch was another quiet meal as far as Roy was concerned. His aunt tried to "jolly" him. He responded as well as he could, but after each rally lapsed again into silence.

He had a few weekly papers to deliver. As he finished it occurred to him that he must tell Tom Morrison that if he heard of another buyer he had better not refuse the offer. It had taken him a full year to save up. It would not be fair to expect Tom to keep the bike till he saved up again.

His way took him past the canal. A space had been cleared of snow and a number of boys were skating. Len skated a little apart from the others. He did not seem to be enjoying himself. He looked up toward Roy but quickly turned his face away again.

Roy told Tom Morrison about the loss of his money, though not of his suspicions regarding Len. Tom said he would hold his bike for the present. Perhaps Roy would recover his money.

* * *

THE afternoon was closing in and a light snow was falling as Roy took his way homeward.

He came near the cleared space on the canal. Len was still there, skating alone, and looking rather unhappy.

"Hello, Len!"

"Oh! Hello, Roy!"

"Come home now?"

"No,——not yet."

"Well, take care. That ice isn't awfully good!"

"Oh! I'm all right. If you see mother you can tell her I'll be home later."

There was something peculiarly miserable about Len's appearance as he listlessly skated up and down in the snow and the gathering darkness. But Roy saw that he wouldn't come to land as long as he stood there so he turned his face toward home.

He had gone about a hundred yards when a shrill cry came to his ears.

"Help! Roy,—oh,—Help!"

He looked back through the driving snow and saw Len struggling in the icy waters of the canal. As Roy looked he saw him trying to drag himself up on the ice, but it crumbled again and he sank deeper than ever.

Roy's first impulse was to scramble down the bank and run to his help. But if the ice had not been strong enough to bear Len's weight it might not bear his. He glanced around. Yes, there was Gilmour the contractor's yard just across the road and the head of a long ladder looking over the fence.

* * *

ROY climbed the fence. The ladder was heavy, but desperation lent him strength. He pulled it up and up. At length he had it over the fence, then into the road. Then sliding it along the snow he had it in the canal.

Len was still calling most piteously.

"All right Len; I'm coming!" yelled Roy, as he pushed the ladder over the ice. At last he had it bridging the hole in which Len was struggling.

Len grasped the ladder, but did not seem to have sufficient strength to pull himself up.

Foot by foot, Roy crawled out on the ladder. He felt the ice sway beneath him. As he reached and grabbed Len's collar, the swaying increased and there was an ominous crackling.

The ladder bent beneath their double weight till the chill water soaked through Roy's clothing, but the ice held. Back and back Roy crept, still holding Len's collar. Len also had sufficient strength left to help himself a little.

At length they reached solid ice. Len was almost fainting, and with his clothes weighted with water fast turning to ice, he could hardly move. Roy forced him and at last he broke into a stumbling run. With the ladder they climbed the steep canal bank and then, Roy urging Len, they half ran, half stumbled homeward.

So they came to Mrs. Smith's door. Roy rang the bell. Mrs. Smith opened the door and stared in amazement at the two dripping figures.

ROY seeing that Len was in his mother's safe hands, turned into his own door. His uncle and aunt were astonished at his bedraggled appearance. He explained that he had "got wet at the canal helping a fellow out."

Soon he was among hot blankets with a hot water bottle at his feet, drinking hot cocoa which, as he said, warmed him "down to the toes."

The door bell rang. It was Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, Mrs. Rousseau," she cried to Aunt Marie. "Your Roy is wonderful. He saved my Len's life. Len told me to give him this. I tried to get him to go to sleep, but he is terribly excited. He says that I must give it to Roy with my own hands right away!"

"This" was a small canvas-covered parcel. Roy smiled.

"Thanks Mrs. Smith. Thank Len and tell him I'll be in to see him in the morning."

He shoved the parcel under his pillow and in less than a minute was fast asleep.

Roy's alarm clock woke him as usual. He felt a bit stiff in his joints but otherwise none the worse for his adventure —was it all a dream? It was no dream. His cannister of money was there, under his pillow all right. He would go and get that bicycle after breakfast.

He rose, dressed, found his bundle of papers and got through his round in record time.

A light was burning in Mrs. Smith's front room as he came back so he decided to call in and see Len. When Mrs. Smith opened the door, Roy was startled at the anxiety expressed in her face.

"Oh, Roy," she exclaimed, "Len is very ill. He smiled when I told him that I had given you that parcel, but he woke again in the night and has been delirious ever since."

"Did you send for the doctor, Mrs. Smith?" asked Roy.

"No. I did not. I owe him on little Molly's illness last year and I didn't like to call him!"

"But Dr. Jones is a good man. I am sure he will come. He treats lots of people for nothing."

"Oh, Roy! I guess Len will be all right. I've nursed sick people before."

But Mrs. Smith's eyes had an almost frightened look in them.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Smith," said Roy, with a sort of tremble in his voice. "How much is Dr. Jones's bill?"

"Twenty-five dollars. But how can I raise even half that amount?"

A great resolve came into Roy's heart.

"Mrs. Smith, I have $25 saved up. I will lend it to you for as long as you like!"

Roy went in to his breakfast but first of all he brought the money over

(Please turn to Page 12.)

"Grumbletown"

Folks who live in Grumbletown
Show a scowl and wear a frown,
Never deign to give a smile,
Mumble, grumble all the while.

Winds are always hot or cold,
Making Grumble people scold;
Fretting, fuming they complain
If it shine or if it rain.

All their tempers are awry,
Cannot please 'em if you try;
Nothing right, and all things wrong—
That's the burden of their song.

If you live there, don't you stay!
Pack your goods and move away!
Look around—on every hand
Shines the happy Laughter Land!

—*W. W. Kent.*

THRIFTY SCOUT

(Continued from Page 11.)

to Mrs. Smith. If only the doctor could save Len it would be worth a dozen bicycles.

He was at the door after breakfast when Dr. Jones's car drove up. The ruddy-faced doctor jumped out. He nodded pleasantly as he passed in to Smith's.

As soon as he was gone, Roy ran over. Mrs. Smith hailed him with delight.

"Oh Roy! The doctor has been awfully good. He won't charge anything and he has cancelled the old account. I told him about what you did, and what you offered to do for us. And he gave Len some medicine that has done him good already. You can come up and see him."

* * *

ROY went upstairs. Len lay in bed. His face was pale, but his smile was bright.

"Oh Roy!" he said. "You're a real pal. To haul me out of that canal and then to offer to help Mother the way you did,—and after I stole your money, too." and Len sniffed to keep back the tears.

"That's all right, Len," said Roy, squeezing his hand. "We all do things we shouldn't do sometimes. The best thing is to ask God to forgive us and then make up our minds that we won't do them any more. Forget it, Len. Tomorrow is New Year's Day!"

"Do you think they'd take me into the Scouts?" asked Len.

"Sure," answered Roy. "Come down to the next meeting."

Roy had a lot of chores to do for his uncle and aunt and for Mrs. Smith. Evening came and he hadn't been able to get to Tom's for the bicycle. It would have to wait till tomorrow.

ROY'S alarm clock went off as usual on the first day of the New Year. He opened the inside door to get his papers in the porch.

But what was this? A bicycle. Examining it, he saw that it was Tom Morrison's. A note was attached to the handlebars.

New Year's Eve, 19—.

Dear Roy,—

On behalf of the Troop and of our good friend Dr. Jones we want you to accept this bike. We have heard that you have been wishing for one. Those were two fine Scouty things you did yesterday and the day before.

A Happy New Year!

Yours in Scouting,

P. DOYLE, S.M.

Roy got his job at Mr. Lester's. He is attending night school and is taking up a special course. His $25 has come in handy for fees and books. When you congratulate him on the way he is getting on he only smiles and says, "Well, you know, sir,

A SCOUT IS THRIFTY!"

A New Year's Gift

IN the Christmas rush you may not have been able to put your wish for somebody into the practical form of a gift. But "it's never too late to mend" and especially in this case, when you can so easily send a note saying you have ordered the Northern Messenger sent for the year 1941, including opening chapters of the new story. Then send us the name and address. Eighty Cents covers a single subscription anywhere in Canada except in Montreal (city of publication) For Mtl. postage and *Special Club Rates* see our subscription facts on this Page. Let this simple but satisfying New Year's gift be the happy thought for your New Year's present—one for every week in the New Year.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. That it was not a "judgment" on them for being more wicked than others.
2. That trouble would come on the whole nation if they did not repent.
3. Our Lord healed a crippled woman.
4. Because it was done on the Sabbath.
5. That it was right to help and cure people on the Sabbath.
6. They do sometimes.
7. To try to prevent and heal them.
8. We should trust God because we know that He loves us.
9. That He feels with and for us in all our troubles.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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Keep your WITS WORKING

A TRIANGLE

1. The beginning of summer.
2. A verb.
3. A fish.
4. To incite.
5. A poem expressing sorrow.
6. A Hebrew prophet.
7. A flower.
8. Old English name for a certain time of the year.

1. *
2. * *
3. * * *
4. * * * *
5. * * * * *
6. * * * * * *
7. * * * * * * *
8. * * * * * * * *

The initial letters, reading downwards, form the name of a river in the province of Quebec.

WORD SQUARE

1. Rest.
2. An enclosed space.
3. A prophet.
4. Portions of the body.

LETTER PUZZLE

There is a farmer who is —
Enough to take his —
And study nature with his —
And think on what he —
He hears the chatter of the —
As they each other —
And sees that when a tree de —
It makes a home for —
A yoke of oxen will he —
With many haws and —
And their mistakes he will ex —
When ploughing for his —
He little buys but much he se —
And therefore little —
And when he hoes his soil by spe —
He also soils his h —

The end of each line is to be filled with a double letter of the alphabet.

MORE STRANGE ANIMALS

THIS list may look as if Jack had been stocktaking, but really he had just been jumbling up the names of some animals. Can you put the letters in each item back in the proper order and show what animals they are? (The first is MERINO)

ONE RIM	SEVEN LOWER
ONE STAPLE	TEN KITS
ONE CURS PIP	TEN RAMS
ONE CHOIRS R	TEN HE PALS
TWO MABS	TEN HARPS

—Our Dumb Animals.

PORTS NOT ON THE MAP

1. What port is a carrier?
2. What port is an omen?
3. What port belongs to a minister of state?
4. What port is of fine appearance?
5. What port is to describe?
6. What port can be carried?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Bible Acrostic — "Rejoice evermore." Rome. (Acts 28:16) Etham (Num. 33:6) Julius (Acts 27:1) Onyx (Gen. 2:12) Ivory (1 Kings 10:18) Cyrus. Eshcol (Num. 13:24) Esek. (Gen. 26:20) Vashni (1 Chron. 6:28) Ephraim. Riblah (Num. 34:11) Mnason (Acts 21:16) Oreb (Judges 7:25) Rufus. Ehud (Judges 3:15)

Rhyming Riddle—Foam.

What Is This?—A kettle.

Riddles from Chums—1. Cabbage. 2. Pumphandle.

WRONG SUIT

"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the attorney.

"Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness stand.

"Will you please tell the jury just what suit it was?" demanded the lawyer.

"It was a blue suit, with white collar and cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the young lady.

GUARDS AT THE DAM

(Continued from Page 4.)

Erich smiled grimly.

"Have no fear on that score, Max," he reassured. "I have him safely locked in a clothes press."

"Good!" approved the chief spy. "Nothing could be better. With Kingslake away on that false call to Quebec City, and everyone here hoodwinked, the sailing should be clear. We shall sit tight and wait until it is fully dark. Then it will be easy to complete our work before we leave."

* * *

"YOU are right," agreed Erich complacency. "We will toss our small but deadly floating mine into the river —and the current will detonate it against the dam. *Donner und blitzen,* what a blast! This mill which manufactures uniforms and other army equipment will be wrecked completely."

A shudder coursed up and down Slim's spine. So that was the plan! The dam was to be blown up. And that would mean the destruction of the great textile plant, the shutting off of the electric power, and the cascading of the lake waters upon an ill-fated city twelve miles down-river. The loss of life and property damage would be tremendous.

"And now, had we not better make certain of the other boy?" asked Erich. "Otherwise, he might interfere with our work."

The chief agent shrugged.

"Bah! A partly paralyzed lad, what could he do? Besides, he is busy in his workroom, and is not likely to trouble us. If he should happen to come down before we are ready to leave, we can easily deal with him."

Erich glanced at Slim speculatively.

"But what of the boys and the guard when the mine explodes? Will not the dyke road be washed away by the water pressure and the hatchery flooded? In that case they cannot escape."

The pseudo inspector's voice was callous:

"And, if so, all the better, Erich. This one here," nodding towards Slim, "knows too much about us for our own good. In wartime, when our glorious Reich is endangered, we can't afford to be squeamish. What are the lives of these three young Canadians compared to the risk of defeat of our well-laid plans?"

Erich was evidently not so hardened as his chief. His face was troubled.

"Of course you are right," he said distastefully, "but still I do not like it. I have a boy at home about the age of this one. . . Killing lads like these is ugly work."

Max looked at him half-contemptuously.

"Bah, you are too chicken-hearted, Erich. If allowed to live, this boy might do us harm. No, no, it is better this way."

He glanced at his wrist watch.

"Nine o'clock," he said. "Already, it is dark, and it will be a cloudy night with no moon. We'll wait another hour, then, while you hold the other guard in talk, I'll throw out the mine. Then we shall—as the Americans say —scram! Meanwhile, it is time for the broadcast by short wave from Hamburg. I saw a radio in that room across the hall. Let us go and listen."

The two spies went out, closing the office door behind them. Soon Slim heard the guttural accent of the voice of the German announcer.

(To Be Continued.)

While the Kettle Sings . . . Get the Dinner Going

MEAT LOAF

Here's a meat loaf that is easy to mix and takes two hours of baking in an oven at 325 degrees Fahrenheit; or if you have no heat control, a moderate oven. Mix the following ingredients thoroughly: Half pound beef, half pound pork, half pound veal, one cup bread crumbs, one cup tomato juice or water, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one-quarter teaspoon mustard, one medium onion grated, two tablespoons chopped parsley. Bake in well oiled loaf pan or casserole. For serving, turn out on platter, garnish with watercress or parsley.

CODFISH CAKES

Cook one cup shredded codfish and three cups diced raw potatoes in three cups boiling water until the potatoes are very tender. Drain, mash and add one tablespoon butter, pepper, more salt if needed and three tablespoons evaporated milk. Beat thoroughly. Chill, shape into balls and roll in fine cracker or bread crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Serve the fish cakes plain, with lemon or with cream sauce or tomato sauce.

SALMON ROLLS

Spread thin slices of smoked salmon with Roquefort cheese that has been softened and seasoned with a little melted butter and Worcestershire sauce. Make into little rolls and spear each with a toothpick.

BOILED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

Mushroom sauce works magic with any meat, but it's especially good with boiled chicken.

One pound mushrooms, 1 cup cream, 2 sprigs parsley, 4 tablespoons butter, two teaspoons flour, salt and pepper and a dash of mace.

Peel mushrooms and arrange in a baking dish. Sprinkle with salt about 1-2 teaspoon, dot with butter, and pour over cream. Sprinkle with parsley, mace and pepper. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes. Pour over boiled chicken.

Good Reason

An English paper publishes this advertisement:

"For sale: Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

TEACHING KINDNESS

L. E. EUBANKS

JIMMY MELBORN was seven years old, at the age when pet animals exert an irresistable appeal. Consequently, when he spied a cub bear, Mr. Melborn had to stop the car. Jimmy knew he musn't touch strange animals, but he could watch the bear, and he was happily excited.

"I need gas anyway," smiled the father, good-naturedly.

One of the gas station attendants was leading the cub about for excercise and willingly drew near so that the boy could enjoy it.

The bear looked the boy over, decided that here was a real friend, and approached. Then he began rubbing his neck against the fender of the car. So repeatedly and persistently did he do this that the boy finally looked closely at his collar.

"Why, I think his collar is too tight!" Jimmy exclaimed. "He's almost choking! Poor fellow, you must—"

Mr. Melborn came up at that moment, and after an examination added his protest : "The cub has outgrown this collar; he's been suffering for weeks, no doubt."

"Oh, he rubs against everything," answered the attendant.

"He's begging for relief—in the only way he has," contended Mr. Melborn. "Someone has been very indifferent or careless."

Then the keeper himself felt the collar. "It is tight;" he admitted, "we'll shut him up till we can get a larger one."

In the car again, Mr. Melborn complimented his son on his quick action. "Boys and girls can be to dumb animals a great deal like parents are to children," he said. "I'd be cruel to let you suffer in any way, especially if you were almost helpless to do anything about it."

"You're always good to me," said Jimmy.

* * *

MR. Melborn patted the lad's shoulder affectionately. "It makes life sweeter for me," he said. Then looking thoughtfully at the boy, he continued "and you'll find it the same in your treatment of your playmates and the dumb animals. Every time you do a kind deed it helps you as much as it does the one you befriend. I want you to think of all dependent creatures as having a right to expect help from you —just the same as you have a right to expect it from me and your mother."

A few days after that Jimmy told his father of having that afternoon helped another boy to get a crippled dog to the veterinarian. "And, Daddy, the boy himself needed help too. It was cold, and he had no overcoat. I have my new one, so when we reached our house, I loaned him my old one. May I give it to him?"

"I'm willing, Son; ask your mother. And perhaps we have other clothing, too, that we can give to some organization, to be passed on to those who really need the things. The boy was glad to get the warm coat, eh?"

"Oh yes! and, Daddy, you were right —it makes a fellow feel good way down inside to do such things. When are we going out to see if the man really did get a bigger collar for that little bear?"

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

An Old Friend Sends Greetings

Ontario.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I do not remember just when the *Messenger* came first to our home, but the *Witness* came first to gladden our household in the winter of 1871. And how we did love them both! And to the homes of each member of the family the *Witness* and *Messenger* went, for as long as there was a home—as long as the household head lived. What the Witness Publications have been to us all, a book would need to be written to tell. They were in God's plan for our several lives. That only Eternity will reveal. We thank Him. Yours very truly,

(Miss) M. A. Archibald.

Where's That?

Temporary Postman (to policeman): Can you help me?

Policeman: What's the trouble?

Temporary Postman: I've been trying all the morning to deliver this parcel, but I'm hanged if I can find a house called "Fragile."

SUGAR TOMATO

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FIRST of all TOMATOES to PRODUCE RIPE FRUIT

Think of it, a sweet Tomato with many fruits exceeding 12% Sugar. Nothing like it ever before. Note the beauty and symmetry of the long racemes of fruit often two feet in length. Smaller than regular Tomatoes but their superb sweetness and appearance makes The Sugar Tomato the finest vegetable introduction in years. Bears enormously and is in a distinct class for dainty dishes, salads, sauces, juice, etc. Irresistible. Be first to have it. Order now. Pkt. of 100 seeds 15c; 2 pkts. 25c; ¼ oz. 65c (postpaid).

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Northern Messenger

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

JANUARY FIRST is not an arbitrary calendar start of a new year. The earth's axis begins to tilt the Northern Hemisphere more toward the sun and the days begin to lengthen. (Had the calendar been planned by people in the Southern Hemisphere they would probably have thought July 1st was the beginning of the year, for on January first they are facing shorter days and longer nights.)

So as our hemisphere inclines increasingly toward the sun may our hearts incline increasingly toward the Sun of Righteousness, and in the waxing warmth of that Sun wish each other a happy new year.

Physical conditions do affect one's spiritual wellbeing, adversely if the physical dominates, blessedly if the spirit dominates. So when we add to our wish "and a prosperous new year" let us wish that the spiritual life may prosper and bring true happiness into the lives of our friends. As Dickens says: "Only a new purpose can make a new year." So let us with Tennyson "Ring out the false, Ring in the true."

* * *

FORTUNATELY for the Christian, his happiness in spiritual prosperity so transcends any happiness that comes from *things*, that though he lose all his material wealth, as so many have, he does not lose heart because he has that peace and joy which the world can no more take away than give.

You remember how Satan tried to tempt Jesus, whom he found famished in the wilderness, to act under his advice and turn stones into bread. And Jesus parried that subtle temptation, saying "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." In other words, by obedience to God's will and not by Satan's advice. On another occasion Jesus said: My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." Satan can bribe and alure as he did one Judas. But the testimony of Judas is that Satan can't satisfy the soul of man. Just imagine Satan wishing anyone a happy new year, or anyone wishing him the same and many of them. No, no; all true happiness is of God.

SPEAK UNTO THE PEOPLE THAT THEY GO FORWARD

WE CANNOT retrace our steps any more than we can turn the sun backwards. To "mark time" is deadly dull and gets us nowhere. Going around in circles, as the Children of Israel discovered, may be good as a punishment for disobedience in not going forward when earlier the going was good. But going around in circles is as progressive as a kitten in a fit.

We can't get the better of sin, selfishness, fear and despair by circling them. We must break loose from that circle and Go FORWARD.

We must turn our backs on sin, selfishness, fear and despair and go forward. But forward to what? Well, if the word comes from God to "Go forward!" we may be sure it is to pioneer to higher levels of honesty, purity and unselfishness. He will point the direction and will make plain the objective and give us the needed strength if we ask Him. So let us determine in our hearts that we will go forward into 1941 at his command, under His direction, in His strength, to do His will and to accomplish that for which He destined us when He gave us life. With chin up and a cheer in our heart, let us each Go FORWARD!

A CALL TO ABSTINENCE

"WHETHER or not we want to legislate to compel society, we can by personal example help to save both people and foodstuffs by abstinence," says Rev. Canon W. W. Judd, General Secretary of the Council for Social Service in a bulletin to the clergy of the Church of England in Canada issued recently.

He calls attention to the "sheer wastefulness" involved in the manufacture and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

He asserts war has always a tendency to lower the moral standards of a nation, and that therefore everything possible must be done to combat influences which would accentuate that tendency. The drinking by young people in beverage rooms or elsewhere cannot be looked upon as other than a menace, he intimates.

Canon Judd calls upon the clergy to act on the report regarding liquor control and temperance presented to the General Synod, and to assist actively in a voluntary total abstinence campaign among citizens for the period of the war and demobilization.

May the New Year
be happier for us all
through greater service

The problem which Canon Judd has brought to the fore is one of vital importance. During the war of 1914-18 the handicap of drink was recognized and dealt with in Britain, in the United States and in Canada by more or less radical legislation. Britain in this war has cut down by one-third the amount of grain allowed for brewing and there is a growing demand for further restrictions.

In Canada, as far as Governments are concerned, nothing has been done at all. As Canon Judd points out, voluntary personal total abstinence is the duty of every citizen in war time. It is his duty to himself, to his nation and to the cause of freedom from slavery to human dictators or despotic craving. And having tried abstinence in war time on both patriotic and moral grounds, he will find it equally beneficial for himself and for others in time of peace.

NEVERTHELESS GOD!

AS tangled as two or three large colored skeins of floss with which a kitten has been playing are the threads of contending ideologies.

For some weeks it has been the turn of Albania and western Egypt and eastern Libya to be in the spotlight. Now Germany is said to have sent large forces to southern Italy in the hope of rebuilding the morale of the utterly discomfited Italians. That intervention, if true, is as great a humiliation and a greater menace to the most powerful and unconquerable All-highest Mussolini as are his cumulative defeats on land, on sea and in the air. He now has to face a growing distrust, perhaps disgust, on the part of his own people and the irritation of his armed forces at being blamed for the defeats in wars undertaken against their advice while he claimed personal credit for the earlier victories. Besides all that, Mussolini has to face a sneering, tyrannical and treacherous Hitler as his dictator-in-chief. He must be "searching his soul for words to tell

A New Year's Wish

God bless the work that lies before your hand!
God's blessing be on all that you have done!
For what is fame or gift or treasure grand,
If His approving smile we have not won!

* * *

God dower you with kind, consoling words
For wounded hearts, with gloom and anguish filled—
Soft soothing words to sing like happy birds
With voice prophetic, till the storm is stilled!

* * *

In body and in soul, God keep you strong
To toil for Him and never fail through fear!
This is my wish, the burden of my song—
God bless you in the dawning of the year!

—Brian O'Higgins.

---

how scairt he is." Certainly he is sorry for himself. He has been a weakness to Hitler. The two-headed Axis Goliath has at least one foot of clay. Mussolini knows that if by any chance Hitler won he would make Italy a vassal state of Germany. In his predicament he may wish he could come to terms with Britain.

As we must go to press nearly two weeks before this paper will be read, the tangled skein will by that time have developed new knots and complications, "excursions and alarms," as Shakespeare would say.

For example what will become of Hitler's demands on the Vichy Government of Unoccupied France to let his forces pass through to Spain and Gibraltar on one hand and to Mediterranean ports on the other, and to reinstate that arch-hater of Britain, Pierre Laval, Vice-Prime Minister under Marshall Petain and whom the latter had just dismissed and incarcerated for plotting to head a new government. As we go to press Laval is still in custody and Petain still refuses passage of German forces through unoccupied France.

Then there is that tremendously strategic mixup between Siam, now Thailand, and French Indo-China. It may turn out to be a key incident in the history of the Far East, indeed of the world. The Japanese are said to have prompted and supported the Siamese, but the latter are becoming increasingly nervous of Japan's ultimate intentions. The fate of China, Singapore, and much else may turn on that issue.

So much for force and intrigue. More incalculable still are the forces of nature. Famine and despondency so weaken the human fabric that plagues make greater havoc than war. Even the Fuehrer in his coat of mail and surrounded by bodyguards cannot protect himself against ravaging plagues. As some months ago we reminded our readers, it was plague which finally conquered the unconquerable Attila the Hun.

And behind the forces of man and the forces of nature there are the forces of GOD!

So as we face the new year with its terrific problems let us with confidence pray to God to lead us and to use us in bringing about His purposes in the world, His world.